Prepared for the Future

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Prepared for the Future

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Summary

They may have settled down into a new life in Sanctuary Hills but Will knows they're not done with adventuring quite yet.

Notes

Title comes from the name of the trophy/achievement you earn on completion of the main quest storyline. Final installment to the series. I think.

See the end of the work for more notes

When imagining life after finding Abigail, Will could honestly say he had never pictured this. Sanctuary Hills was no longer a ghost town. In fact it was what he would consider a thriving settlement. At the time perhaps the smarter choice would have been to stay in a secured place like Diamond City, but Will had just wanted to take his daughter home.

Hannibal had only complained briefly, and really it was in regards to their safety moreso than the lackluster accommodations, which surprised Will. Once they had some defenses in place, including an old Mr. Handy robot that Will managed to repair, Hannibal relaxed a little.

"Will," Beverly greeted as she walked into town. The pack brahmin they used to carry goods they traded with other nearby settlements was lead behind her. Will found the two-headed cows to be bizarre. Granted, there were many other strange creatures out there in the wastes. A mutated cow was the least of his worries. "I managed to get some more circuitry and other stuff you asked me to keep an eye out for."

"Thanks," he replied with a little smile. Beverly was one of the first to show up in Sanctuary Hills when word got out of a new settlement. She was a tough cookie and knew the roads. Now she used her trading skills to help them. She was also one of the few that Will felt any kind of bond with, which was saying something.

"Bev!" Abigail came around from the backyard, their new dog Winston at her heels.

They found the mutt on their way back to Sanctuary Hills, hanging out at the Red Rocket service station.

"*Can we keep him?" Abigail asked, crouched down next to the dog and petting his head. When Will didn't answer right away, she looked up at him with big eyes to match the dog's. "Please?"*

Will let a huff out through his nose as he smiled. "Of course we can," he answered, bending to offer his hand to the dog. "Hey boy," he greeted. "Want to come with us?" A lick to his hand was all the answer Will needed. "Come on then," he said, both to the dog and his daughter.

"*Come on boy," Abigail encouraged.*

Hannibal, who had remained silent during the whole exchange, looked at the dog with what amounted to suspicion. Will knocked their shoulders together. "You don't like dogs?"

"*I've never been one for pets," was all Hannibal answered, however he didn't try to protest.*

When Abigail came to his other side, Will told her, "I believe we were talking about getting a new dog before the war anyway."

She nodded in agreement, watching the brown dog trot ahead of them as though he knew where they were going. "What should we call him?" As many dogs as they'd had over the years, Abigail knew that the job of naming fell to Will.

Will thought it over for a time before answering, "Winston."

Abigail appeared thoughtful, apparently wracking her brain for a reason behind it. "Winston Churchill?" she guessed.

Will smiled, tugging her in and pressing a kiss to the top of her head. "That's my girl."

Hannibal surprised them both by quoting, "If you're going through Hell, keep going."

"*You know Churchill?" It was an honest question since he was a big figure pre-war, attempting to stop the very thing that happened the day the bombs fell.*

"*I spent a lot of time reading any pre-war books I could in my youth. I still keep an eye out for ones that haven't been destroyed. But a lot of the history we learned was written by the Institute founders, put onto our computers by hand, or transferred from the holotapes they managed to save."*

"*Huh…"*

* * *

Winston was lying on the floor of the garage out of Will's way as he worked on the motor for a new generator. With the settlement growing they needed some more power and the various pieces of scrap Beverly brought him would just have to do. It wasn't as though it was a chore. Will actually found building stuff to be calming, especially when things started to spiral around him.

Taking his head off the floor, Winston made a little noise to alert Will. The cause was a pair of familiar faces standing at the open garage door. "I didn't expect to see you two again," he mentioned neutrally, walking out to meet them.

"Our business here is twofold," Price replied. "Is Doctor Lecter around?"

"Price. Zeller," said man greeted dryly as he appeared beside them. Hannibal must have spotted their arrival from where he had been helping Beverly prepare the brahmin to head out again. "To what do we owe the pleasure?"

"For you," Zeller answered, handing a sealed letter over to Hannibal.

Will cocked his head at the script. "*Wendigo and Ravenstag?*"

Hannibal pursed his lips. "Wendigo is the code name Alana saddled me with. I'm sure she found it highly amusing. Ravenstag must have been her choice for you."

"Margot's suggestion actually," Price corrected.

Hannibal opened the letter, allowing them to both read it. *Red Dragon located. Coordinates to follow.*

“I knew she would come through for us,” Will said with a little smile. He had no qualms about asking Alana and the Railroad to keep an eye out for the location of the mercenary that kidnapped Abigail. Hannibal had been skeptical when she said there wouldn’t be a price for the information but apparently helping to bring down the Institute had bought them a free pass- that time at least.

“I see you have a shadow,” was all Hannibal said to their guests, tucking the paper into his vest pocket.

Will looked up and noticed Matthew was standing down the road where it curved away from the cul-de-sac towards the bridge into Sanctuary Hills.

“Alana sent him as an escort,” Zeller replied. “Said he was sticking back though. Didn’t know that he’d be welcome.”

“Why not?” Abigail had apparently noticed the gathering outside, standing on the porch to listen in.

“Because he’s a synth,” Hannibal answered her honestly.

Abigail furrowed her brows. “But… There’s a lot of nice synths.”

“Yes there are,” Will agreed. “Why don’t you go ask Matthew to stay for dinner.” Abigail’s face brightened and she left to do just that, calling Winston with her. Will shot Hannibal a look but his boyfriend turned his gaze pointedly away. He may have tolerated Abigail but it was pulling teeth with synths otherwise.

Turning back to Zeller and Price, Will prompted, “You said your visit was twofold.”

“We wanted to see about joining your settlement here,” Price answered.

“And build a Railroad safehouse?” Hannibal scoffed.

“No. Our part with the Railroad has been played. Brian and I just want a place to settle and continue our work.”

“I don’t see an issue with that,” Will offered. Hannibal scoffed again but muttered an agreement when Will shot him another look.

* * *

“Heavy resistance,” Hannibal commented.

“You don’t say,” Will replied dryly. They were both staked out on the top of a hill. Despite the burnt out trees, the grass and scrub had grown back with time, helping to conceal them and their twin rifles.

Matthew had used some contacts within the Railroad to get them the .308 rifles. They were outfitted with silencers and stabilizing tripods. The buttstocks were shock-absorbing to help

with recoil. The scopes had been pulled off some other weapons, each of them picking one that gave them the best accuracy possible.

Training for the past week had come down to this, laying side by side in the grass, watching the compound where the Red Dragon held up with his fellow mercs. Most people would have probably tried to hit it at night when they thought they could hide. However muzzle flash could give them away, plus it was likely more people would be there.

"I don't see him," Hannibal continued, looking through his scope.

"Maybe he's out on a job." Will sighed, pulling away from his scope and letting the stock rest on the ground. "Should we go and lie low in Diamond City for awhile?"

Hannibal didn't reply. After a long moment his lips twitched. "Found him."

Will was immediately looking through the scope again. "Where?"

Hannibal directed him until Will had the man in his sights. "Are you ready?"

Will took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. "Yeah, yeah, let's do this."

What followed next seemed to pass in a slow motion of sound and smell and color. He and Hannibal fired on the Dragon, blood pouring from a gut shot and one through his throat simultaneously. From there they started picking off his fellow mercenaries, moving seamlessly from one to another, bodies falling everywhere around the compound.

Because of their concealment it took the mercs a while before narrowing on the hill. By then however, the pair had determined that Francis Dolarhyde was indeed dead. With that knowledge, they were content to shoulder their rifles and head off, leaving behind nothing but an empty shooting blind for the mercs to find whenever they finally made it there.

Well, and a landmine or two.

Bloodied and bruised they were not as they walked the roads towards home. Will reached out, threading his fingers with Hannibal's. The man looked over at him, mask of calm breaking as he smiled softly. "It's over now," Will said in relief, what they had done finally hitting him.

"It is." Hannibal nodded, looking once again to the road. "What is next for us do you suppose?"

Will smiled. "Other than being happy? I have a few ideas." He gave Hannibal a meaningful look before pulling him towards an abandoned house. Hopefully there was still a half decent mattress in the place.

* * *

"Dad! Papa!"

Seeing Abigail's smiling face as they returned to Sanctuary Hills made Will's heart swell. Winston rushed past her in order to greet them as well. Even Hannibal gave the beast a pat on the head, showing how much he had missed home as well while they were away.

At least his greeting for Abigail was warmer. Will had noticed that there seemed to be only two things that could melt Hannibal's heart- Abigail and Will himself.

They were welcomed back by settlers both new and old, including Beverly, Price, Zeller, and Matthew. Not that Hannibal approved of the latter's presence but the synth had simply never left. Will wondered if Hannibal noticed how close Matt and Abigail were becoming. Not that he was about to bring it up- the fallout from *that* was bound to be explosive.

"Can we have a bonfire?" Abigail asked, looking between them hopefully.

"Sure," Will answered, a hand on the top of her head briefly. He was hard pressed to tell the girl no about anything. That was something that certainly hadn't changed with the passage of time or even with the realization Abigail only lived as a construct in a synth body.

His arm wrapped around Hannibal and Will laid his head on his shoulder. Hannibal relaxed against him, pressing a kiss to his hair. "I love you Will," he murmured.

Will's heart grew even more, a smile bright on his face as he snuggled closer. "I love you too."

This wasn't the life Will expected to have, but he felt lucky all the same. They would make a future together, tackling whatever came their way.

/End

End Notes

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